The STOLEN SINGER

by MARTHA BELLINGER

SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Later she is accosted by a stranger who climbs into the auto and chloroforms her. James Hambleton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hambleton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops overboard. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hambleton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hambleton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynier. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hambleton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chatelard, who is Agatha's abductor. They fight, but are interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha are abandoned by the crew, who take to the boats. Jimmy and Agatha swim for hours and finally reach shore in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Recovering slightly, the pair find Hand, the chauffeur who assisted in Agatha's abduction. He agrees to help them. Jim is delirious and on the verge of death. Hand goes for help. He returns with Dr. Thayer, who revives Jim, and the party is conveyed to Charlesport, where Agatha's property is located. Van Camp and his party, in the Sea Gull, reach Charlesport and get tidings of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc. Aleck finds Jim on the verge of death and Agatha in despair. Dr. Thayer declares his sister, Mrs. Stoddard, is the only one who can save Jim. She is a woman of strong religious convictions, and dislikes Agatha on account of her profession. She refuses to nurse Jim. Agatha pleads with her and she consents to take the case. Hand explains how he escaped from the wreck, though he will say nothing concerning the abduction. Lizzie, Agatha's maid, arrives from New York. The fight for Jim's life goes on. Van Camp hears Agatha's story and gets on the track of Chatelard, who escaped from the wreck. Hambleton is finally out of danger. Chamberlain, friend of Van Camp, goes after Chatelard.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Mr. Van Camp and his friend came in just after I'd put you to bed, Miss Redmond, and ate a bite of breakfast right off that table; and 'twas a mercy I'd cleared all the kulch outer the attic, as I did last week, for Mr. Van Camp he wanted a place to sleep; and he's up there now. Used to be a whole lot er the parson's books up there; but I put them on a shelf in the spare room. The other man went off toward the village."

Agatha, looking about the pleasant kitchen, was tempted to linger. Sallie's conversation yielded, to the discerning, something of the rich essence of the past; and Agatha began to yearn for a better knowledge of the recluse who had been her friend, unknown, through all the years. But she remembered her industrious plans for the day and postponed her talk with Sallie.

"I remember there used to be a grove, a stretch of wood, somewhere beyond the church, Sallie. Which way is it—along the path that goes through the churchyard?"

"No, this way; right back er the yard. Parson Thayer he used to walk that way quite often." Sallie went with Agatha to another stile beyond the churchyard, and pointed over the pasture to a fringe of dark trees along the farther border. "Right there by that apple tree, the path is. But don't go far, Miss Redmond; the woods ain't healthy."

"All right, Sallie; thank you. I'll not stay long." She called Danny and started out through the pasture, with the hound, sober and dignified and happy, at her heels.

The wood was cool and dim, with an uneven wagon road winding in and out between the stumps. Enormous sugar-maples reared their forms here and there; occasionally a lithe birch lifted a tossing head; and, farther within, pines shot their straight trunks, arrow-like, up to the canopy above.

Farther along, the road widened into a little clearing, beyond which the birch and maple trees gave place entirely to pines and hemlocks. The underbrush disappeared, and a brown carpet of needles and cones spread far under the shade. The leafy rustle of the deciduous trees ceased, and a majestic stillness, deeper than thought, pervaded the place. At the clearing just within this deeper wood Agatha paused, sat down on a stone and took Danny's head in her lap. The dog looked up into her face with the wistful, melancholy gaze of his kind, inarticulate yet eloquent.

The sun was nearly at zenith, and bright flecks of light lay here and there over the brown earth. As Agatha grew accustomed to the shade, it seemed pleasant and not at all uncheerful—the gaiety of sunlight subdued only to a softer tone. The resolution which had brought her thither returned. She stood up under the dome of pines and began softly to sing, trying her voice first in single tones, then a scale of two, a trill. At first her voice was not clear, but as she continued it emerged from its sheath of huskiness clear and flutelike, and liquid as the notes of the thrushes that inhabited the wood. The pleasure of the exercise grew, and presently, warbling her songs there in the otherwise pleasant forest, Agatha became conscious of a strange accompaniment. Pausing a moment, she perceived that the grove was vocal with tone long after her voice had ceased. It was not exactly an echo, but a slowly receding resonance, faint duplications and multiplications of her voice, gently floating into the thickness of the forest.

Charmed, like a child who discovers some curious phenomenon of nature, Agatha tried her voice again and again, listening, between whiles, to the ghostly tones reverberating among the pines. She sang the slow majestic "Lascia ch'io pianga," which has tested every singer's voice since Handel wrote it; and then, curious, she tried the effect of the aerial sounding-board with quick, brilliant runs up and down the full range of the voice. But the effect was more beautiful with something melodious and somewhat slow; and there came to her mind an old-fashioned song which, as a girl, she had often sung with her mother:

"Oh! that we two were maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze."

She sang the stanza through, softly, walking up and down among the pines. Danny, at first, walked up and down beside her gravely, and then lay down in the middle of the path, keeping an eye on Agatha's movements. Her voice, pitched at its softest, now seemed to be infinitely enlarged without being made louder. It carried far in among the trees, clear and soft as a wave-ripple. Entranced, Agatha began the second part of the song, just for the joy of singing:

"Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down—"

when suddenly, from the distance, another voice took up the strain. Danny was instantly up and off to investigate, but presently came back wagging and begging his mistress to follow him.

In spite of her surprise in hearing another voice complete the duet, Agatha went on with the song, half singing, half humming. It was a woman's voice that joined her's, singing the part quite according to the book:

"With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast
And our souls at home with God!"

The pine canopy spread the voices, first one and then the other, until the wood was like a vast cathedral filled with the softest music of the organ pipes.

There was nobody in sight at first, but as Agatha followed the path, she presently saw a white arm and skirt projecting from behind the trunk of a tree. Danny, wagging slowly, appeared to wish to make friends, and before Agatha had time to wonder, the stranger emerged and came toward her with outstretched hand.

"Ah, forgive me! I hid and then startled you; but I was tempted by the song. And this forest temple—isn't it wonderful?"

Agatha looked at the stranger, suddenly wondering if she were not some familiar but half-forgotten acquaintance of years agone. She was a beautiful dark woman, probably two or three years older than herself, mature and self-poised as only a woman of the cosmopolitan world can be. It might be that compared to her Agatha was a bit crude and unfinished, with the years of her full blossoming yet to come. She had no words at the moment, and the older woman, still holding Agatha's hand, explained.

"I did not mean to steal in upon you; but as I came into the grove I heard you singing Handel, and I couldn't resist listening. Your voice is wonderful! Especially here!" As she looked into Agatha's face, her sincere eyes and voice gave the praise that no one can resist, the tribute of one artist to another.

"This is, indeed, a beautiful hall. I found it out just now by accident, when I came up here to practice and see if I had any voice left," said Agatha. She paused, as it suddenly occurred to her that the visitor might be James Hambleton's sister and that she was being delinquent as a hostess. "But come back to the house," she said. "This is not a hospitable place, exactly, to receive a guest."

The stranger laughed gently. "Have you guessed who I am, then? No? Well, you see I had the advantage of you from the first. You are Miss Redmond, and I followed you here from the house where your servant gave me the directions. I am Miss Reynier, Melanie Reynier, and I am staying at the Hillside. Mr. Van Camp—" and to her own great surprise, Melanie blushed crimson at this point—"that is, we, my aunt and I, were Mr. Van Camp's guests on board the Sea Gull. When he heard of the wreck of the Jeanne D'Arc we put in to Charlesport; though he has probably explained all this to you. It was such a relief and pleasure to Mr. Van Camp to find his cousin, ill as he was; for he had feared the worst."

Agatha had not heard Miss Reynier's name before, but she knew vaguely that Mr. Van Camp had been with a yachting party when he arrived at Charlesport. Now that she was face to face with Miss Reynier, a keen liking and interest, a quick confidence, rose in her heart for her.

"Then perhaps you know Mr. Hambleton," said Agatha impulsively. "The fever turned last night. Were you told that he is better?"

"No, I don't know him," said Melanie, shaking her head. "Nevertheless, I am heartily glad to hear that he is better. Much better, they said at the house."

They had been standing at the place where Agatha had first discovered her visitor, but now they turned back into the clearing.

"Come and try the organ pipes again," she begged. They walked about the wood, singing first one strain and then another, testing the curiously beautiful properties of the footing of friendliness. It was evident that each was capable of laying aside formality, when she wished to do so, pine dome. They were quickly on a and each was, at heart, frank and sincere. Melanie's talent for song was not small, yet she recognized in Agatha a superior gift; while, to Agatha, Melanie Reynier seemed increasingly mature, polished, full of charm.

They left the wood and wandered back through the pasture and over the stile, each learning many things in regard to the other. They spoke of the place and its beauty, and Agatha told Melanie of the childhood memories which, for the first time, she had revived in their living background.

"How our thoughts change!" she said at last. "As a child, I never felt this farm to be lonely; it was the most populous and entertaining place in all the world. I much preferred the wood to anything in the city. I love it now, too; but it seems the essence of solitude to me."

"That is because you have been where the passions and restlessness of men have centered. One is never the same after that."

"Strangely enough, the place now belongs to me," went on Agatha. "Parson Thayer, the former owner and resident, was my mother's guardian and friend, and left the place to me for her sake."

"Ah, that is well!" cried Melanie. "It will be your castle of retreat, your Sans-Souci, for all your life. I envy you! It is charming. Pastor—Parson, do you say?—Parson Thayer was a man of judgment."

"Yes, and a man of strange and dominating personality, in his way. Everything about the house speaks of him and his tastes. Even Danny here follows me, I really believe, because I am beginning to appreciate his former master."

Agatha stooped and patted the dog's head. Youth and health, helped by the sympathy of a friend, were working wonders in Agatha. She beamed with happiness.

"Come into the house," she begged Melanie, "and look at some of his books with me. But first we'll find Sallie and get luncheon, and perhaps Mr. Van Camp will appear by that time. Poor man, he was quite worn out. Then you shall see Parson Thayer's books and flowers, if you will."

They strolled over the velvet lawn toward the front of the house, where the door and the long windows stood open. Down by the road, and close to the lilac bushes that flanked the gateway, stood a large silver-white automobile—evidently Miss Reynier's conveyance. The driver of the machine had disappeared.

"I mustn't trespass on your kindness for luncheon today, thank you," Melanie was saying; "but I'll come again soon, if I may." Meantime she was moving slowly down the walk. But Agatha would not have it so. She clung to this woman friend with an unwonted eagerness, begging her to stay.

"We are quite alone, and we have been so miserable over Mr. Hambleton's illness," she pleaded quite illogically. "Do stay and cheer us up!"

And so Melanie was persuaded; easily, too, except for her compunctions about abusing the hospitality of a household whose first care must necessarily be for the sick.

"I want to stay," she said frankly. "The house breathes the very air of restfulness itself; and I haven't seen the garden at all!" She walked back over the lawn, looked admiringly out toward the garden, with its purple and yellow flowers, then gazed into the lofty thicket above her head, where the high elm spread its century-old branches. Agatha, standing a little apart and looking at Melanie, was again struck by some haunting familiarity about her face and figure. She wondered where she could have seen Miss Reynier before.

Aleck Van Camp, appearing round the corner of the house, made elaborate bows to the two ladies.

"Good morning, Miss Redmond!" He greeted her cordially, plainly glad to see her. "I slept the sleep of the blest up there in your fragrant loft. Good morning, Miss Reynier!" He walked over and formally took Melanie's hand for an instant. "I knew it was decreed that you two should be friends," he went on, in his deliberate way. "In fact, I've been waiting for the moment when I could have the pleasure of introducing you myself, and here you have managed to dispense with my services altogether. But let me escort you into the house. Sallie says her raised biscuits are all ready for luncheon."

Agatha, looking at her new friend's vivid face, saw that Mr. Van Camp was not an unwelcome addition to their number. She had a quick superstitious feeling of happiness at the thought that the old red house, gathering elements of joy about its roof, was her possession and her home.

"I've promised to show Miss Reynier some queer old books after luncheon," she said.

Aleck wrinkled his brow. "I'll try not to be jealous of them."

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Chamberlain, Sleuth.

Unbeknown to himself, Mr. Chamberlain possessed the soul of a conspirator. Leaving Aleck Van Camp at the crisp edge of the day, he fell into deep thought as he walked toward the village. As he reviewed the information he had received, he came more and more to adopt Agatha's cause as his own, and his spirit was fanned into the glow incident to the chase.

He walked briskly over the country road, descended the steep hill, turning over the facts, as he knew them, in his mind. By the time he reached Charlesport, he regarded his honor as a gentleman involved in the capture of the Frenchman. His knowledge of the methods of legal prosecutions, even in his own country, was extremely hazy. He had never been in a situation, in his hitherto peaceful career, in which it had been necessary to appeal to the law, either on his own behalf or on that of his friends.

Legal processes in America were even less known to him, but he was not daunted on that account. He remembered Shelock Holmes and Raffles; he recalled Bill Sykes and Dubosc, dodging the operations of justice; and in that romantic chamber that lurks somewhere in every man's make-up, he felt that classic tradition had armed him with all the preparation necessary for heroic achievement. He, Chamberlain, was unexpectedly called upon to act as an agent of justice against chicanery and violence, and it was not in him to shirk the task. His labors, which, for the greater part of his life, had been expended in tracing the evolution of blind fish in inland caves, had not especially fitted him for dealing with the details of such a case as Agatha's; but they had left him eminently well equipped for discerning right principles and embracing them.

Chamberlain's first move was to visit Big Simon, who directed him to the house of the justice of the peace, Israel Cady. Squire Cady, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing an old faded silk hat, was in his side yard endeavoring to coax the fruit down gently from a flourishing pear tree.

"You wait just a minute, if you please, until I get these two plump pears down, and I'll be right there," he called courteously, without looking away from his long-handled wire scoop.

Mr. Chamberlain strolled into the yard, and after watching Squire Cady's exertions for a minute or two, offered to wield the pole himself.

"Takes a pru-uty steady hand to get those big ones off without bruising them," cautioned the squire.

But Chamberlain's hand was steadiness itself, and his eyesight much keener than the old man's. The result was highly satisfactory. No less than a dozen ripe pears were twitched off, just in the nick of time, so far as the eater was concerned.

"Well, thank you, sir; thank you," said Squire Cady. "That just goes to show what the younger generation can do. Now then, let's see. Got any pockets?"

He picked out six of the best pears and piled them in Chamberlain's hands, then took off his rusty, old-fashioned hat and filled it with the rest of the fruit. Chamberlain carefully stowed his treasures into the wide pockets of his tweed suit.

"Now, sir," Squire Cady said heartily, "we'll go into my office and attend to business. I'm not equal to Cincinnatus, whom they found plowing his field, but I can take care of my garden. Come in, sir, come in."

Chamberlain followed the tall spare old figure into the house. The squire disappeared with his pears, leaving his visitor in the narrow hall; but he returned in a moment and led the way into his office. It was a large, rag-carpeted room, filled with all those worsted knicknacks which women make, and littered comfortably with books and papers.

Squire Cady put on a flowered dressing-gown, drew a pair of spectacles out of a pocket, a bandana handkerchief from another, and requested Chamberlain to sit down and make himself at home. The two men sat facing each other near a tall secretary whose pigeonholes were stuffed with papers in all stages of the yellowing process. Squire Cady's face was yellowing, like his papers, and it was wrinkled and careworn; but his eyes were bright and humorous, and his voice pleasant. Chamberlain thought he liked him.

"Come to get a marriage license?" the squire inquired. Chamberlain immediately decided that he didn't like him, but he foolishly blushed.

"No, it's another sort of matter," he said stiffly.

"Not a marriage license! All right, my boy," agreed Squire Cady. "'Tisn't the fashion to marry young nowadays, I know, though 'twas the fashion in my day. Not a wedding! What then?"

Then Chamberlain set to work to tell his story. Placed, as it were, face to face with the law, he realized that he was but poorly equipped for carrying on actual proceedings, even though they might be against Belial himself; but he made a good front and persuaded Squire Cady that there was something to be done. The squire was visibly affected at the mention of the old red house, and fell into a revery, looking off toward the fields and tapping his spectacles on the desk.

"Hercules Thayer and I read Latin together when we were boys," he said, turning to Chamberlain with a reminiscent smile on his old face. "And he licked me for liking Hannibal better than Scipio." He laughed heartily.

The faces of the old sometimes become like pictured parchments, and seem to be lighted from within by a faint, steady gleam, almost more beautiful than the fire of youth. As Chamberlain looked, he decided once more, and finally, that he liked Squire Cady.

"But I got even with Hercules on Horace," the squire went on, chuckling at his memories. "However," he sighed, as he turned toward his desk again, "this isn't getting out that warrant for you. We don't want any malefactors loose about Charlesport; but you'll have to be sure you know what you're doing. Do you know the man—can you identify him?"

"I think I should know him; but in any case Miss Redmond at the old red house can identify him."

"We don't want to arrest anybody till we're sure we know what we're about—that's poor law," said Squire Cady, in a pedagogical and squire-ish tone, as if Chamberlain were a mere boy. But the Englishman didn't mind that.

"I think I can satisfy you that we've got the right man," he answered. "If I find him and bring him to the old red house this afternoon, so that Miss Redmond can identify him, will you have a sheriff ready to serve the warrant?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Very well, then, and thank you, sir," said Chamberlain, moving toward the door. "And I'm keen on hearing how you got even with Mr. Thayer on the Horace."

The light behind the squire's parchment face gleamed a moment.

"Come back, my boy, when you've done your duty by the law. Every citizen should be a protector as well as a keeper of the law. So come again; the latch-string is always out."

It was mid-morning before the details connected with the sheriff were completed. By this time Chamberlain's heavy but sound temperament had lifted itself to its task, gaining momentum as the hours went by. His next step was to search out the Frenchman. The meager information obtained the day before was to the effect that the marooned yachtowner had taken refuge in one of the shacks near the granite docks in the upper part of the village. He had persuaded the caretaker of the sailors' reading room to lend him money with which to telegraph to New York, as the telegraph operator had refused to trust him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Breathe Through the Nose.

Breathing through the nose is important, not only for the purpose of filtering the air by removing dust and germs, but in cold weather for the purpose of moistening and warming the air before it enters the deeper air passages. The total surface of the nasal cavity has been estimated to be on an average of about 15 square inches. The mouth surface has an area of less than 11 square inches, or only tbout two-thirds that of the nose. It has been noted that runners who breathe through the nose have much greater endurance than those who breathe through the mouth.

THREE PRETTY MORNING DRESSES

Models of flowered material and black and white checked voile. Lace and sailor collars with sashes of taffeta.

EXCELLENT FOR TENDER SKIN

Victim of Sunburn Will Find Relief in This Preparation, Which Is a Home Remedy.

A preparation that will suit most tender skins or skin that has been sunburned is made by mixing together four ounces of pure almond meal, an ounce of powdered orris, two ounces of powdered castile soap, one-half drachm oil of bergamot, four drops of bitter almond oil and a quarter of a drachm of extract of musk.

Only tepid water should be used on the skin and after wetting it rub on some of the above preparation instead of using soap, using the hands to make the application because a wash cloth usually causes friction and this, added to a sunburned skin, would make it sore and tender. More water is used and the skin is cleansed with the hands and finally rinsed several times and with old soft towels patted dry. Then a mere suspicion of cold cream is massaged into the skin and so left for the night.

Any girl or woman who will be careful to protect her skin and care for it as just described even though it is naturally of a dry texture will not burn or tan nearly as quickly as will the girl with the oily skin. One would think that a girl with oily skin would not burn as readily as the girl with the dry skin on account of sufficient oily moisture, but nevertheless it has often been proven that she burns even more quickly. Why this is so is because of the difference in the skin tissues.

SMART TAILOR-MADE SUIT

Model of black and white checked shepherd goods with cutaway jacket. Long lapels and shawl collar.

Draped Lace Tunics.

Although, perhaps, the lace tunic has a tendency to age its wearer, it has compensating merits which recommend it to women of middle age and even younger women who have a tendency to stoutness. For the close fitting pointed tunic of black lace cut with the upper part in the form of a coat tends to make the figure look slim in a manner that many, alas, find eminently desirable as years come fast upon them.

The favorite lace employed is Chantilly, and when one knows how to drape artistically nothing can be more elegant. On the contrary, nothing can be dowdier than a drapery which seeks to be artistic and fails lamentably in the attempt.

Baby's Bib.

A dress shield may be cut in half and each half used as the lining for the baby's bib. Make a removable cover of linen or lawn edged with lace or embroidery.

BETTER THAN ANY COSMETIC

Combination of Repose and Relaxation Is the Only Beauty Secret That Is Worth Knowing.

There is a beauty secret, not found in cosmetics, and which does not linger in the perfume-laden hangings of the parlor of the masseuse. It is a secret which any woman can possess, and its magic effect is almost instantly noted. The secret is merely a combination of repose and relaxation.

A restful woman always appears to advantage. There is culture in a repose of manner that makes itself felt both at home and in public. There is a suggestion of reserve intellectual strength, more impressive than the uneasiness of the woman who feels that her tongue or her body must be in motion to let the world know she is in it.

At the same time, the wear and tear will leave the marks of strain on complexion and figure, which no creams or lotions can remove. To grow old gracefully and beautifully, learn to take things easy. Repose is more beautifying than rouge, and relaxation more body-building than massage.—Leslie's Weekly.

For the Rose Jar.

The following mixture has kept its fragrance for twenty years: Gather the rose petals on a sunny day, in the morning. The common, sweet-scented varieties are best. Let stand in a cool place for two hours, toss them and put into a bowl or covered dish in layers. Sprinkle each layer with salt. Keep adding to these until you have enough "stock." Into a large glass jar place two ounces of crushed cinnamon; then put in the stock, which has been shaken up every morning for two weeks. When all is in the jar, let stand for eight weeks, covered. It is now ready for the permanent jar. Add two ounces of lavender flowers and one ounce of shredded (not powdered) orris root. Mix well, put into rose jar in alternate layers with the rose stock and a few drops of oil of roses. Over this pour a wine glass of good cologne, and from time to time add fresh lavender flowers and rose petals.

Card Cases.

The thin lingerie frock demands a cardcase of handkerchief linen, embroidered with a very fine design; those done in eyelet embroidery are the most effective. If you do the tiny flowers and foliage in solid work, pad the petals first with darning cotton and cover this with fine mercerized cotton. Scallop the edges, using the buttonhole stitch, and whipstitch the sides together.

With the one piece frock or tailored costume should be carried a card case of heavy linen. The design is not so fine on these and can be done with white or colors.

For instance, if you choose a card case of natural colored linen, the design can be effectively done in white, brown or dark blue. There are a few designs to be worked with the Bulgarian colors, and these are extremely effective when done in the brilliant hues on a background of tan linen.

Put Loop in Hat.

Women know what a hard task it is to hang up their hats. The office girl finds a new place every day for her hat. It is on the desk, the shelf or pinned on the wall with big hatpins. A new way, says the Los Angeles Express, is to take a piece of tape or baby ribbon, make loop about four inches long, sew it to the gathered part of the lining of your hat and—that's all. Hang up your hat by the loop on the rack, nail or any available place.

Black Evening Gloves.

Black gloves for evening wear are coming back into fashion, as are dark gray and brown instead of white as accessories for afternoon wear. The novelty in the new black gloves lies in the fact that many are buttonless, while others have fancy buttons from the wrist to the extreme edge of the gloves, only a few of the upper ones being used as fastenings.

Buttons as Trimmings.

Porcelain buttons decorated with pompadour designs in dainty colorings are used on small vests, and linen dresses are trimmed with white porcelain buttons with tiny figures of the same color as the dress.

Hunting With the Falcon

Kirghiz, More Than Any Other People, Probably Carry This Sport to an Extreme.

All wanderers are lovers of the chase, but for sheer love of sport and daring exploits the Kirghiz take the palm. Central Asia is the home of falconry, which was not introduced into Europe until the crusaders brought back falcons with them from their eastern wanderings. But imagine the ambition of the men who fly their birds at wolves and foxes instead of at quails and partridges! Not content with hunting game birds with small falcons, the Kirghiz capture and train the great golden eagles, with which they hunt such game as gazelles, foxes and even wolves.

A well mounted Kirghiz falconer, carrying on his wrist one of these magnificent birds, is a fine sight. The weight of the eagle is such that the owner requires a support for his wrist, and the hunters are usually to be seen with a little wooden bracket that supports the arm against the hip. The eagles are hooded, as all falcons are, but can be used only in winter, when they are hungry and keen. In summer they are fed on marmots and live a restful life, sitting in the sun in front of the tent doors.

When gazelles or wolves are the objects of the chase the eagles are aided by long sleek greyhounds of a small breed, the dogs running in and pulling down the quarry when the eagles have sufficiently bewildered it.

Sliding Scale.

"I'm a taxpayer," gibbered the citizen, "and I demand consideration." "Lemme see your tax certificate," responded the city official calmly "and then I'll know just how much consideration you are entitled to."—Kansas City Journal.

Regular Stairs.

A lawyer was cross-examining an old German about the position of the doors, windows and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction occurred.

"And now, my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in the house?"

The German looked dazed and unsettled for a moment. "How do the stairs run?" he queried.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "ven I am downstairs dey run oop."—National Monthly.

Opposites.

The dapper little ribbon clerk gazed languishingly into the dark eyes of the handsome brunette waitress.

"Isn't it wonderful," he gurgled, "how opposites seem to be attracted to each other?"

"It sure is," agreed the beauty. "I noticed only today that the tallest man at the lunch-counter ordered shortcake."—Lippincott's.

His Love Beyond a Doubt

Surely Impossible to Ask Further Proof After This Really Sublime Declaration.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

In reply, the modern young girl looked at the modern young man with eyes perfervid with emotion.

"Do I love you?" she repeated. "I do. I love you psychologically, sociologically, economically. From the psychologic standpoint, I feel that our different organisms are so nicely differentiated as to form a properly articulated area of combined consciousness. Sociologically, our individual environment has been enough in contrast to form a proper basis for a right union. Economically, I feel sure that when we come to combine we shall be able to introduce into the management of our affairs the right financial balance to produce the scientific result which every well-ordered and conducted business produces. And now, how do you love me?"

The young man reached forward. He clasped her swiftly but surely in his arms. He hugged her and kissed her alabaster cheeks and her ruby lips.

"How do I love you?" he replied. "My dear girl, I love you just as much as if you really knew what you were talking about."

Education.

Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within.

Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.